CANADIAN PATRIOTISM

A CANADIAN FAIRY TALE

(A PATRIOTIC PLAY)

BY

EDITH LELEAN

PRICE 25 CENTS

WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO ONTARIO

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The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA

Queen's University at Kingston

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DESCRIPTIVE

CHARACTERS IN THIS PLAY.—The Teacher; Katie, the Irish Girl; Jean, the Scotch Girl; May, the English Girl; Olive, the Canadian Girl; the Fairy Queen; Indian Chief and from six to twelve other Indians; Tree Fairy; Bird Fairy; Water Fairy; Rainbow Fairy; Timmie, the Green Man; three other little Green Men; a Farmer; a Gold Miner; a Silver Miner; a Nickel Miner; from six to twelve little Maple Leaf Fairies.

THE WISHING-WELL must be arranged around an open door that the children may enter it from the back of the stage. It may be a half of a large cask or three sides of a huge packing case. There must be steps inside (made of boxes or blocks) so that the children may step up in order to look over the Wishing-Well. There must also be a step from the top of the well on to the stage. Trim the well with branches, artificial maple leaves (if real ones be not available), flowers—in short, anything that will make it look pretty and rustic.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S THRONE may be made to look elaborate and artistic by trimming a large chair with

branches and flowers. If it is in winter use artificial leaves and paper flowers.

DRESSES.—The four little girls must be in costume, in keeping with the country each represents—the *Irish Girl* in green, the *Scotch Girl* in a Scotch dress, the *English Girl* in a dress of red, white and blue, the *Canadian Girl* in a white dress trimmed with maple leaves.

FAIRIES' DRESSES.—Make them of cheesecloth, crêpe paper, tulle, chiffon, anything that will be pretty and fluffy. See that the dresses are made very full and short. Trim the *Tree Fairy's* dress with leaves and small branches; the *Bird Fairy's* with feathers or stencils of birds; make the *Water Fairy's* dress of green material; the *Rainbow Fairy's* of the different colors of the rainbow; the *Maple Leaf Fairies* should be dressed alike in dresses trimmed with maple leaves. The prettiest, most elaborate of all must be the dress of the *Fairy Queen.* She should wear a crown and carry a wand. See that the *Indians* look very warlike in costumes made of brown lining, lots of fringe and feathers and war-paint if feasible.

TIMMIE'S COSTUME.—Take an old suit of father's woollen underwear and cut it down to fit the boy. Cut the feet with the leg parts and dye it all green. See that the feet are long and pointed, and stuff the ends of the toes. A three-cornered hat, a long-tailed coat with two huge buttons at the back, will add to the effectiveness of the costume.

The *Farmer* and the *Miners* should dress as workmen.

Music.—Have music wherever possible, and introduce here and there, throughout the progress of the play, suitable songs, duets or choruses.

Teacher. Well, everything is ready for to-morrow; the dress rehearsal has passed off nicely, the Wishing-Well is set up on the stage and so is the throne for the Queen of the Fairies. We have forgotten nothing. I am sure our Fairy Play will be a great success. Children, we are all tired. I am going home to rest, and you had better do the same, for you must all do your best to-morrow. Don't crush your dresses whatever you do, and don't forget your parts. Good-bye, children, for the present.

Children. Good-bye. Good-bye.

(Exit Teacher.)

Katie (the Irish Girl). How I wish it were a real Wishing-Well, instead of a mock one, and a real Fairy Queen's throne! My grandmother says that in Ireland there are ever so many really and truly Wishing-Wells, and that people travel from all over to visit them, and she says that if anybody makes a wish and walks three times around the well the Fairies always grant the wish.

Jean (the Scotch Girl). Don't you love to hear about the Fairies, and don't you wish this were a real Fairy Queen's Throne? My grandmother says that Fairies are very plentiful in Scotland. She often tells me stories about them that give me queer little creepy thrills. Why don't we have Fairies in Canada?

May (the English Girl). I asked my brother that, and he said that Canada was much too young a country, that the Fairies never bothered with any country unless it was hundreds and hundreds of years old.

Katie. Wouldn't it be thrilling to go out at night and meet some beautiful Fairies?

Jean. Yes, but I think it would be much more thrilling to meet a lot of little Green Men, who would tell you to go to the foot of the Rainbow, and there you would find a pot of gold.

Katie. And just imagine coming through the woods quietly some night and suddenly happening upon the Fairy Queen and her court!

Jean. With her heralds and her courtiers!

May. And watching them dance in the shimmering moonbeams!

Jean. Or taking a drink of dew with a lily bell for a chalice!

May. I wish, oh, I wish we could see the Fairies!

Katie. Well, we can't see them in Canada, for there are none here. Why, when our grandmothers tell us Fairy tales, they all happened in some other country. They begin like this, "Once upon a time, in Ireland—"

Jean. Or like this, "Once upon a time, in Scotland—"

May. Or like this, "Once upon a time, in England—"

Katie. Or like this, "Once upon a time, in a country far away," never "Once upon a time, in Canada—" That's an unheard-of beginning. Jack, the Giant Killer, begins, "Once upon a time, in Cornwall—"

Jean. Never an interesting story about Canada or anybody Canadian!

May. I never once heard a Canadian Fairy Tale.

Jean. And you never will, for Fairies don't live in Canada.

Katie. Nor anybody else that's interesting.

Jean. King Bruce was a Scotsman.

Katie. And St. Patrick was an Irishman.

May. And Alfred the Great was an Englishman.

(Enter Olive, a Canadian Girl.)

Olive. Haven't you girls gone home yet? You will be all tired out for to-morrow. What are you waiting for?

Katie. Oh! we are just talking. We were wishing we had Fairies in Canada.

May. And Wishing-Wells, and little Green Men, and pots of gold at the foot of the Rainbow.

Jean. And wonderful men that the world has known about for hundreds of years, who conquered nations, or fought with dragons, or—

Olive. What nonsense you girls are talking! We have no Fairies, it is true, but look at the splendid men we have, who have helped to make this country what it is; look at—

Katie (yawning). Don't ask me to look at one of them, most uninteresting people! I always try to have a little snooze while the Canadian history lesson is going on. I like to hear about wonderful Kings and beautiful Queens and Dukes and Earls. But, best of all, do I like to hear about the Knights of King Arthur, who rescued wonderful ladies in green velvet cloaks, riding on milk-white palfreys. Wasn't it splendid when the Knight gracefully dropped on one knee and kissed the lady's hand, which she graciously held out to him? And the Knight always came back and married the lady amid great rejoicing and cheers from the yeomanry. That's the sort of story I like to hear.

Jean. Yes, I like that kind, too. But I think I like best to hear about the Fairies. What a pity Canada has no Fairies!

Fairy Queen (popping her head up out of the Wishing-Well). No Fairies in Canada, eh? No interesting people in Canada! Well, I never! Who told you such nonsense?

Children (running hither and thither in great consternation). Who are you? Where did you come from?

Katie. Why, I believe—I believe (clapping her hands), I really believe she is a Fairy.

Fairy Queen (jumping from the Wishing-Well on to the stage). How clever of you, Katie! (clapping her hands in imitation). I really believe you've guessed right!

Katie (aside). She knows my name. I'm half afraid. I think I'll go home. I believe mother wants me.

May. I'm not going home. We've always wanted to see a Fairy, and now one appears I'm not going to run away.

Fairy Queen. That's right, May. There's nothing of the coward about you. Stand your ground, my dear, stand your ground!

Olive (advancing). I am so glad to see you, though I did not think there was a Fairy in all of Canada.

Will you please tell us how you happened to come here, and where you have come from, and who you are?

Fairy Queen. Spoken like a little lady, Olive. Of course I will. How did I happen to come here, where have I come from, who am I? Well—

I've fled far away from my Fairy court,
I'm the Queen of the Fairies, ho!
I've left my pages and courtiers and all,
Who follow wherever I go.
From their revels they have not yet missed me,
They're dancing in sweet woodland dell,
Where the beautiful moonbeams are gleaming
And casting a wonderful spell.

The moment they miss me, my subjects all
Will raise such a hue and a cry,
To lose a Queen is a serious thing,
And hither and thither they'll hie.
And why have I fled from my Fairy court,
In this fair, fair land of romance?
To teach you some things that you ought to know,
To open your blind eyes, perchance.

Are there Fairies? Of course there are Fairies,
Around you wherever you go,
But your eyes are dim and your ears are dull,
You never have met them, I know.

Children, let's make the best use of our time,
All draw near to the Wishing-Well,
While over you kiddies of Canada
I'll weave a strange, fairy-like spell.

(Children crowd around the Fairy Queen and she makes mysterious passes over their heads with both hands.)

Now—all will see the most wonderful things,
You're the victims of Fairy wiles,
Your eyes are wide open, your ears are sharp,
You're walking through dim forest aisles.
Sh! Listen to every sound that you hear,
That is borne on the fragrant breeze.
You will hear things that you've not even dreamed,
Right here by these old forest trees.

The tale of St. George and the dragon fierce,
St. Patrick, who drove out the snakes,
King Bruce and the spider of Scottish fame,
And Alfred the Great and the cakes;
These are stories all teeming with interest,
Like those of knight errants who dare;
But with our own stories of Canada,
There's not one of them can compare.

So let's watch for *real* interesting people,
That once trod these dim forests vast,
Who knew all about Spirits and Fairies,
Who lived in the far-away past;

Their eyes were wide open, their ears were sharp,
Though none of them e'er went to school,
But from the great outdoors and the Fairies,
They learned many a well-known rule.

So I've fled from the court of the Fairies
To call out from the long ago,
The forms of the men that once roamed these woods,
Sh! Hark! they are coming, I know.
Ah! here I see is a Fairy throne,
It must be intended for me.
Did you children wish at the Wishing-Well
That the Fairies' Queen you might see?

(Seats herself upon the throne.)

Children. Yes, we did, but we didn't think that our wish would be granted.

Fairy Queen. Why not? What are Wishing-Wells for but to grant wishes? Isn't that what they do in Ireland, and in Scotland, and in England, and in some country far away? (Shakes her finger at them.) Ah, I heard you! Now, you see for yourselves what the Wishing-Well has done in Canada.

(The piano plays a march, then enter a group of from six to twelve Indians, led by a chief, with stealthy step and in Indian file. Children show great surprise.)

Fairy Queen. Tell me, band of Indian braves, does Canada lack the interest that other lands possess?

Are there no Fairies in Canada and no pots of gold at the foot of the Rainbow? I have called you out from the dim and shadowy past, back from your happy hunting-ground, to show to the Canadian youth of to-day some of the wonderful things you have encountered and some of the Fairy forms you have met in roaming the vast plains and forests of this most uninteresting country.

(Indians, in chorus, grunt disgustedly.)

1st Indian. An uninteresting country! Who says so?

2nd Indian. No Fairies in Canada! What nonsense!

3rd Indian. Never a pot of gold at the foot of a Canadian Rainbow! Well, I never!

4th Indian. Have these white men's children never been in the woods?

Children. Lots of times.

Katie. We often have picnics in the woods.

May. Only yesterday the teacher took us into the woods for a Nature Study lesson on the squirrel.

4th Indian. And what did you learn about that frisky little friend of the Indian?

May. Why, he wouldn't stay still. He ran up into an oak tree as fast as he could go and sat there, saucily throwing acorns at us.

Olive. So we played instead, and after a while we went back to school, and we found out all about him from a book.

5th Indian. And what did you find out?

Jean. Well, he has a coat of fur and a bushy tail, and—and—oh, yes, he is a rodent.

May. And in summer he stores his food for the winter; and he is a quadruped. That means he has four legs, one at each corner.

Katie. And sometimes squirrels fly.

1st Indian. What wonderful information to obtain from a book! Now I suppose you will write an examination on the squirrel.

Olive. We did, this morning, and we all passed.

Indians. How wonderful!

Indian Chief (rises slowly).

Let me tell to the white man's children,
A tale of the days that are past,
When this was an Indians' hunting-ground,
And he roamed through these forests vast.

The Indian hunted, trapped or snared,
In valley or over the plain,
But he had to be always watchful,
Or his hunting would be in vain.

The eyes of the Indian warrior
Had to be bright, alert and clear,
And his sharp ears ever a-listening
For danger that lay lurking near.

And because of clearness of vision,
And quick ears in that long ago,
He saw, he heard many strange, strange things,
That none of you white children know.

He saw that in beautiful branches
Of grand, graceful, stately old trees,
There lived many dainty, sweet Fairies;
He knew he would hurt and displease

These sprites if he ruthlessly broke off
A limb, or a twig, or a branch.
Then, was no destruction of tree-life
Such as marks the white man's advance.

(Little Tree Fairy puts her head up out of the Wishing-Well.)

Tree Fairy. Here I am! See me! I am one of the little Tree Fairies. I am being hurt altogether too often lately. Yesterday Katie went through the bush

with a stick, knocking off the tops of every little sapling she came to. She hurt several of us. I can feel the bruises yet.

Katie. O you dear little Tree Fairy! Please forgive me. I am so sorry. I didn't see you. I didn't even know there were Tree Fairies.

Tree Fairy (steps down on to the stage). Have you children no eyes? (Closely examines Katie's.) Yes, the eyes are there, but there must have been a film over them. Don't ever do it again. Remember!

Children. We shall remember. Never again!

Indian Chief.

He listened and heard a Fairy voice
  Tell the buds of the chestnut trees,
That winter would soon be upon them,
  Its tang was now felt in the breeze.

To each find a soft, woolly blanket,
  And to put on an oilskin coat,
If they would be dressed for rain and cold,
  They must muffle up to the throat.

May. Have chestnut buds really blankets and oilskins?

Tree Fairy. They have, indeed. I know it. Am I not the Tree Fairy? Do I not look after the comfort

of the buds and tell them when to clothe themselves in their winter garb?

Jean. But how could plain ordinary chestnut buds have woolly blankets and oilskin coats? Surely you are joking.

Fairy Queen. Did we not tell you that your eyes were dim and your ears were dull? At your earliest opportunity examine one for yourselves; and the next time you go into the woods think twice before you ruthlessly break off the branches of the trees or destroy the saplings, lest the Tree Fairies be hurt. Why, every time you carelessly trample upon the wild flowers, how do you know that some loving Fairy at the heart of the beautiful flowers is not hurt by your careless conduct?

Olive. My father showed me the woolly blanket and the oilskin coat of the chestnut bud once. It is all sticky on the outside.

1st Indian. So that the water will run off and the insects keep away.

May. Go on, Mr. Indian. Tell us some more.

Indian Chief.

No red man that lives in the forest
Would ever disturb or alarm
The nesting birds, for a Fairy sweet
Stands guard to protect from all harm

The birds and their dear little families,
Who live in the tops of the trees,
And watched by a special Bird Fairy,
They warble or sing as they please.

Bird Fairy (putting her head up out of the Well). Here I am! You are glad to see me, aren't you? I look after your friends the birds and warn them of danger, and they sing to me all day long the most beautiful songs.

(Jumps on to the stage.)

Indian Chief.

An Indian's ear is very sharp,
He puts it down close to the ground,
And a wee Water Fairy tells him
Where sparkling spring water is found.

Water Fairy (putting her head up out of the Wishing-Well). And I suppose you children didn't know about *me,* either? Well, how could you, for you pump water out of a well or draw it from a tap? And let me tell you, no Fairy that has any respect for herself is going to suddenly appear on a pump-handle or sit on a tap. No, indeed! I really am a Water Fairy, though, and I know where all the little springs are kept down in the bosom of the earth. I can always

hear them as they gurgle, or gush, or trickle, or splash over the stones, and I am always willing to tell anyone, who listens for my voice, where they are.

(Jumps on to the stage.)

Indian Chief.

You read of a mad, rushing river,
Tearing on in its headlong way,
But an Indian sees a Rainbow Sprite
A-riding a-top of the spray.

Rainbow Sprite (putting her head up). 'Tis a glad, free life I lead! Where the water is rushing most fiercely over the jagged rocks and throwing up clouds of white spray, 'tis there I love to ride, dressed in my Rainbow garb.

(Jumps on to the stage.)

Olive. I saw you once at Niagara Falls, but I did not then know that you were a Fairy, though I saw all the colors of the rainbow mixed in with the spray.

Fairy Queen. O Olive, had your eyes been bright you would have seen 'twas a Rainbow Fairy that rode a-top of the spray! Poor children, you have been badly taught; you live too much with your books. Imagine learning about a squirrel in a book! Think of studying poetry from a book! Why, no one yet ever found a poem in a book. There are only words in the book. The poem is in the great out-of-doors,

in the swaying of the trees, in the music of the singing birds, in the white fluttering plum blossoms, in the rushing waters, in the after-glow of the sunset, in the sparkling, gushing springs trickling over the smooth pebbles; there is only the prescription for a poem in the book, and if you do not know about these wonderful out-of-door things, how can you ever fill out that prescription, and a beautiful poem, in your mind, result? Listen, children, to the wisdom of the Fairy Queen: Never can you take out of a book thoughts that you do not first put into it. Throw away your books and learn your lessons out-of-doors!

Children. We wish we could!

Fairy Queen. But this you can do: you can open your eyes and see the beauties all around you, and you can listen and hear the soft voices of the Fairies as they whisper in your listening ears.

(The music strikes up a pretty march, and the four little Fairies—the Tree Fairy, the Bird Fairy, the Water Fairy, the Rainbow Fairy—go through a pretty dance or drill. It need not be difficult; a Kindergarten Exercise, a Folk Dance, a Rose Drill, a Wand Drill—in short, anything pretty that the teacher is able to prepare. The Indians, squatting at the back of the stage, watch the Fairies with interest. When they have finished, the Indians arise, and to the music of a tom-tom, produced by the beating of two pieces of wood, give a war-dance, occasionally emitting war-whoops. The audience is not going to be critical, and the chances are it knows little about war-dances and war-whoops, so any rhythmic movement done in unison, with every now and then a concerted whoop, will prove most

entertaining.)

Fairy Queen. Sh! the Indians are going. Watch them as they leave us to go once more into the shadowy past.

(Exit Indians with stealthy step and in Indian file, while the Fairies and the children group themselves prettily around the Fairy Queen's throne. A little Green Man puts his head above the Wishing-Well.)

Green Man (stealthily). Have they gone? Oh, my poor heart, stop your jumping! They looked so fierce!

Fairy Queen (in great surprise and stamping her foot). Timmie, you rascal! How did you get here?

Timmie (making a low bow to the Fairy Queen from the top of the Wishing-Well, where he sits cross-legged.) Your Majesty, I walked here on my two feet! How did you think I came? On wings? Alas, no! (Turns his back.) They have not yet begun to sprout. In a Zeppelin? Again, no. Zeppelins drop only bombs and other dangerous things, and (bowing to the audience), ladies and gentlemen, I assure you I am quite harmless.

Katie. Isn't he funny? I like him.

Timmie. Dear child! Well, then, I'm glad that you do, bedad! Shure, I see that you're Irish. Good for you! So am I. Can't you see that I'm a-wearing of the green?

Children. So he is!

Timmie. Now, I suppose the next question her most gracious majesty is going to ask me is, What am I doing here? Why have I left my cares and responsibilities far behind me? Sh! (Stage whisper). I have come *re* that pot of gold that is to be found always—always (notice the repetition) at the foot of the Rainbow—in Canada.

Fairy Queen. Well, I see my usefulness is ended. I have been trying to educate these mortals, and you come along with your nonsense, Timmie, and spoil everything. (Heaves a deep sigh.)

Timmie. Not at all, madam, not at all. Nothing is spoiled. Your advice, your counsels, are most praiseworthy, but I, too, have a word to say to blind eyes and deaf ears. Children, listen, Why is May like a potato?

Children. A potato? We don't know. Why?

Timmie. Eyes has she but she sees not. Ah, Katie, you laugh, I see. A great sense of humor has Katie. She enjoys the joke. By the way, Why is Katie like the corn?

Children. We don't know. We give it up.

Timmie. Ears has she but she hears not. Good joke, good joke! Eh, what? Hello, here comes Mr. Corn Tassel!

(Enter a Farmer, carrying with great difficulty a heavy iron pot.)

Farmer (shaking his fist). Don't you dare call me Corn Tassel, you impertinent young rascal! Why, I am the backbone of this country. I represent the great agricultural interests of Canada. I live upon the land; I dig it, I cultivate it, and see the results of my labors—a pot of gold! Just try to lift it.

(Children in turn try to lift the pot, but find it too heavy.)

Olive. Did you really dig it out of the ground? How wonderful! Was it at the very foot of the Rainbow?

Farmer. No, my dear child, not at the foot of the Rainbow, but it was in the golden glory of the setting sun that this pot of gold was found. It came from Saskatchewan. And let me tell you a secret, children. A pot of gold may be found in Canada almost anywhere a farmer may care to dig.

Children. Really and truly?

Timmie. Excuse me, Mr.—Mr. Farmer, but I know a place where you can dig all day and all night and all the year round, and never find a pot of gold, and it is in Canada, too.

Children. Where?

Timmie. In Lake Ontario.

(Use the name of some local body of water.)

Fairy Queen. Timmie, I must insist upon your going away. You make fun of everything and everybody. Often and often, when we Fairies are engaged in serious deliberation, you come along, and you know how often my courtiers have to put you out. I don't want to be harsh, but, Timmie, I insist upon your going.

Timmie. Your Majesty, I am going. (Jumps down upon the stage and turns a handspring.) But ere I depart, let me tell you of some fun I had to-day. I went to school.

(Sits back on his heels, folds his hands, and looks meek.)

Children. School! A little Green Man at school? What school? Our school?

Timmie. Umph-umph.

Katie. However did you get in?

Timmie. I rode in on the wing of a butterfly.

Jean (jumping up and down and clapping her hands.) Oh, I saw that butterfly come in through the open window in the botany lesson. 'Twas a King Billy.

Timmie. That's right, my dear, Timmie crossed the Boyne with King Billy and landed unprotected into the jaws of a botany lesson. Listen, pay attention, please. I'm the teacher! What do I hold in my hand? Ah, yes, a beautiful buttercup. Notice its exquisite coloring and magnificent form. Truly a wonderful work of Nature! Now, children, hold the flower in your left hand, and with your dear, dainty little right hand pull out its works. Got 'em? Correct. Now, this is its gun—no, that does not sound quite right—I mean its pistil. Children, wait a minute. See that beautiful butterfly fluttering around so gracefully and happily. I must get him; he is a fine specimen. (Makes frantic efforts to catch the butterfly.) Ah, that's good; isn't he a beauty? Where's the killing bottle? Now, Olive, get me the sharpest, longest pin you can find, impale this beautiful creature, and add him to the school collection. (Olive hangs her head.) O my hat! And all this in the name of education!

(Turns another handspring.)

Fairy Queen. Timmie, for once in your life you are talking sense. I believe we shall let you stay.

Children. Oh yes, do let him stay!

Timmie. Your Majesty (bows to her), children (bows to them), ladies and gentlemen (bows to the audience), for your kindly consideration to poor,

maligned little Timmie, I will repay you by reciting a poem of my own composition. It is all about me and (bowing again to the children) a little about you.

(Takes the centre of the stage, while the children listen with great interest.)

Who stole the blue ribbon off Katie's red hair?
Why Timmie, Timmie.
"That queer combination ought not to be there!"
Said Timmie, Timmie.
He gave the blue bow to a wind passing by,
Who carried it up to a dark, cloudy sky,
And from blackest of clouds that bow winks its eye
At Timmie, Timmie.

Who painted the freckles on May's little face?
'Twas Timmie, Timmie.
So thick they are running all over the place,
Like Timmie's, Timmie's.
Like a live turkey-egg all mottled and brown,
She's the most freckled child we have in the town,
But sunny and happy, she ne'er has a frown
For Timmie, Timmie.

And who gave the Dutch cut to Olive's round head?
'Twas Timmie, Timmie;
The tangles each morn made her wish she were dead,
So Timmie, Timmie

Came along with a scissors one dark, dark night,
And cut her hair straight—oh, my! she's a sight!
"Yes, Olive, my dear, you're a terrible fright,"
Says Timmie, Timmie.

And who put the up-tilt to Jeanie's Scotch nose?
Why Timmie, Timmie.
But wisely he anchored her tight by her toes,
Did Timmie, Timmie.
If she followed her nose she surely would rise
Till Jeanie would bump her hard head 'gainst the skies,
"That little pug nose will stay here if she's wise,"
Says Timmie, Timmie.

Who put the gay lilt in each little girl's voice?
Why Timmie, Timmie.
So sweet, when one hears it, he can't but rejoice,
With Timmie, Timmie.
He stole it, he did, from a sweet fragrant breeze,
That played in the very tip-tops of the trees,
"Not loud nor discordant, but sweet if you please,"
Says Timmie, Timmie.

Who put the glad sparkle in each little eye?
'Twas Timmie, Timmie.
He stole that bright sparkle from stars in the sky,
Did Timmie, Timmie.
In each little eye you will find a star's rays,
That will twinkle or gleam or sparkle or blaze,
"Its varying light your whole soul will amaze,"
Says Timmie, Timmie.

(The above may be very easily parodied and local hits introduced. If possible provide Timmie with extra verses for encores. If the children know he can recite them they will look after the encores.)

Katie. Timmie, I think it's mean of you to write poetry about my *red* hair; it's auburn!

May. Is my face so very freckled?

Olive. Mother says this Dutch cut is most becoming.

Jean. And I don't care if my nose does turn up, it shows character.

(A second little Green Man puts his head above the Wishing-Well.)

Second Green Man. Timmie, stop your nonsense and come and give us a hand. Don't you know I've a man down here with a pot of gold? He's a miner that went to the Yukon at my suggestion, and such a huge pot of gold as he has! Phew! it's heavy! Come, Timmie, and lend a hand.

(Timmie and the four children run to the Well and help lift a pot of gold on to the stage. The second Green Man and a Miner steps on to the stage.)

Miner. Show me the child that said there were no pots of gold in Canada. Look at this. Behold

the gold! It came from no foreign country, but from our own dear land.

Children. From the foot of the Rainbow?

Miner. No, from the land of the Northern Lights.

Timmie. Look out, children! here comes another!

(Third Green Man, putting his head above the Wishing-Well.)

Third Green Man. I, too, have a miner down here. I whispered in his ear the story of the Cobalt, and the silver he dug has produced this pot of gold. Come children and help him.

(All rush to the Well, lift down the pot of gold, and the third Green Man and the Silver Miner step on to the stage.)

Silver Miner. Thank you, children, for your help! 'Tis a wonderful story I could tell you if you care to listen.

Children. Yes, do tell us.

Silver Miner. One summer day, I was paddling in my canoe on the peaceful bosom of a lake when off, on the farther shore, I saw the sun glistening in the strangest manner on the rocks. It looked as if a thousand precious stones were imbedded in the dull, grey granite. "Dig," said this little Green Man in

my ear, "blast, and see what you'll find." The advice sounded good to me and see the result, a pot of gold, the price of the silver from the Cobalt mines!

Fourth Green Man (putting his head up out of the Wishing-Well). Alas! Alas! we don't need any help, we can manage by ourselves, for our pot of gold is very small and very light.

Children. Why, whatever happened?

(Fourth Green Man steps on to the stage, followed by a Nickel Miner carrying a very small pot of gold.)

Nickel Miner. All that's left! I dug the nickel in immense quantities, but it strangely and mysteriously disappeared, and where it went I cannot say.

Children. What a pity!

Fairy Queen. Pity! I should think so! Why has Canada been so slow in waking up?

Timmie. But, thank fortune, she is awake at last. There will be no more strange disappearances, the whole country is on the alert; everybody now knows that nickel is too precious a mineral and too useful a metal to be spirited away; how glad our enemies would be could they have access to our nickel in the mines of Sudbury.

Fairy Queen. Children, are you at last convinced that there are Fairies in Canada and many a pot of gold?

Children. Indeed we are, and we are surprised that we ever doubted it.

Jean. More pots of gold than in Scotland.

May. Or in England.

Katie. Or in Ireland.

Olive. Or in some country far away.

Fairy Queen. And are there Green Men in Canada?

Timmie (indignantly). Green men, just watch us!

(The music strikes up a march and the four little Green Men give a drill or dance. A game of leap frog played to music will prove most entertaining.)

Fairy Queen. Children, before we leave, would you care to see some real Canadian Fairies?

Children. Indeed we should. Is not that what we wished for—Fairies in Canada?

Fairy Queen. Your wish shall be granted. Here they come.

(Eight little Maple Leaf Fairies march on to the music of "O Canada." They go through a drill or dance. When they have finished, all the performers who have left the stage march back and join with those who are still on the stage in singing "O Canada." See that they are prettily arranged. The curtain falls. If there be no curtain the children march off to music.)

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